

Of Montreal, True Friends Don't Want To Do Things

I live my life like I'm reading my own biography
Every night, writing out my discography

But let's talk about our coy romance,
Doesn't it seem like it's always there?
Love I mean, love I mean

Walking around bumping into things
I try to say "Hi"; I end up making you cry
True friends don't want to do things like that
True friends don't want to do things like

I live my life like I'm reading my own biography
Every night, arranging my anthology

But let's talk about this crack from which whenever
We're close something yanks us back
It's probably me, it's probably me

Stumbling around crashing into things
I try to be sly I end up licking your eye
True friends don't want to do things like that
True friends don't want to do things like that